

At bro. May's, in Hayward Place, }
Boston, April 16, 1836.

Helen:

Well — my name is not Jonah, ergo, I am not Jonah — nor have I run away like Jonah — nor have I been caught in a storm at sea, nor tossed overboard, nor swallowed by a whale, nor thrown up again, like Jonah. What then? If I am not Jonah, who am I? William Lloyd Garrison, to be sure; and what is more, the editor of the Liberator; and what is more, your husband, my dear; and what is more, the father of as fine a boy as any in Friendship's Valley. But of my luck — what of that? On Wednesday morning, you know, the weather was mild and pleasant, before I bade you all adieu — (how sweetly my dear babe looked me in the face as he lay upon the bed, when I gave him my farewell kiss!) — so I concluded to ride on the outside in the good society of Mr. Barnes, the driver of the stage, or rather of the horses. We had not proceeded far, however, before the breath of the sweet South was changed into a blustering "North-Easter," and down came quite a respectable company of snow-flakes upon us, which continued to multiply till at last it seemed as if the hugest feather-bed of heaven had been opened, and its contents freely given to all below — i. e. to as many as ^{were} underneath. It soon cleared up again, and then it much sooner cleared down — is that good English? No matter — I rode to Thompson, Connecticut, (is he related to George Thompson, do you know?) without flinching — for most truly could I sing —

"The snow, the snow, the fleecy snow,
With the sky above, and the earth below, —
'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis every where,
It covers the ground, it fills the air, —
But if it will not, I will forbear."

On getting into the stage at Thompson, I was glad to find a very neatly dressed colored female as a passenger to Worcester. Nobody knew me, I suppose, but not the slightest objection was made to her company, and she seemed to feel that she was, and of right ought to be, on an equality with us, or with any body else. We had also with us, or rather took up on our way, a fashionable and intelligent lady of Boston. As she sat on the middle seat close by the window, the driver in wielding his long whip happened to touch her bonnet lightly with the end of it, which led her to remark, that she had no particular desire to be struck. I said to her — "No, madam, it is not desirable to be struck by a whip, even accidentally — and yet, you know, there are thousands of your sex in our land, who are subjected to the lash, not accidentally but habitually." "I hope," she replied, "a head-ache, like mine, would be a protection against

it." "Not at all, madam - it would be considered
bores, and would probably bring punishment for idleness." She
seem disposed to pursue the topic, and so our conversation
for a time.

We arrived at Worcester, just before 4 o'clock, having
taken dinner at Oxford - but, in addition to the dinner, I ate up all
the sweetened what-do-you-call 'ems, which were put up by Sarah or
Anna for the encouragement of my appetite, and support of my ~~stomach~~
stomach - nor did they come amiss, nor were they superfluous, because
why? Here, then, we have something to do with Jonah, or rather Jonah's
luck, as the sequel will show.

At 4 o'clock, P. M. we started in the cars for Boston
in the midst of quite an ambitious snow-storm, expecting to be in Bos-
ton at 7 o'clock, of course. The snow retarded our progress ^{somewhat} some,
but when we had proceeded about two-thirds of the way, we were
"brought all up standing," as a sailor would say - that is, we
were met by several opposite trains of cars, in such a manner,
at such a place and hour, and under such circumstances, as to
render it almost impracticable for either party to back out or
go ahead. After a long delay, we got extricated, and then went onward
till we got into a similar predicament. The car in which I sat
was crowded, but there was no angry growling, though there was some
disappointment, on the part of the passengers. The storm pelted us all
the while right merrily, now snowing, now hailing, now raining - but,
as we were well sheltered, we did not mind it at all, at all. To
shorten the story, let me tell you, dearest, that we were six hours and
a half in making our trip, not arriving in this city till half past
10 o'clock at night. As it was too late to go Miss Parker's, I
ordered a coachman to drive me to the Marlboro' hotel - found it full;
then told him to go the Broomfield house - it was full; then to the
Howard-street house, where I succeeded in getting lodgings, and
slept that night pretty well, saving and excepting some twinges
of the tooth-ache. After breakfast the next morning, I had my
trunk carried to the anti-slavery office, where I found brothers
Le Row and Knapp, both in good health and spirits, and very
much rejoiced to see me. I have since been staying ~~with~~
at Miss Parker's.

...day evening, we had a large meeting of anti-
...s, both male and female, at Mrs. Chapman's, which
...break up till about 11 o'clock. Prof. Tollen and wife,
Ellis G. Loring and wife, Mrs. Child, Miss Annison, the Westons,
Miss Chapman, Mr. Sewall, Mr. Southwick, Mr. Knapp, Mr.
Kimball, Mr. Fairbanks, &c. were present. Mrs. Child looks
in remarkably good health, and made some remarks at the ladies'
meeting on Wednesday last, which manifested that she was as vigor-
ous in spirit as in body. Her husband is at present out of the city,
but will return in a few days. They are - I am sorry to say -
going with friend Lundy to Matamoros, near Texas, in all next
month. What a hazardous project! But, to return to the meeting -
as we are disappointed in getting a meeting-house or hall in which to
hold the N. E. Convention, except our own little hall at 45,
we discussed the expediency of having the Convention held either in
Providence or Lowell. Mr. Kimball proposed that we should hire
a vacant lot of ground in this city, and erect upon it a large
shanty, capable of holding 2 or 3000 people - saying that he would
give \$25 towards it. It was generally thought, however, that
if erected, it would be torn down before we could occupy it,
and would be likely to excite a mob without doing us any
benefit, as the market is now getting to be somewhat glutted
with deeds of violence. For several good reasons, we have concluded,
if we cannot do better, to hold the Convention in Roxbury or Cambridge-
port.

Bro. Wright is out of town. There is but one opinion
among the friends, and that is in favor of my return to Boston after the
annual meeting at New-York, to reside here. I am more and more
satisfied that it will be my duty to return to Boston - but I will say
no more upon this point until I see you.

I shall not return as soon as I expected, because I can-
not properly, there is so much to be done here. I shall prepare
the matter for next week's paper before I leave. On Wed-
nesday next I hope to be in Providence - may perhaps conclude to
address the ladies on Thursday - and on Friday, I hope to see you
and my darling babe, and all the dear family.

Christiana has gone to Providence to make a
visit to her friends, and on account of ill health. It is not prob-
able that she will return here.

Bro. May has just gone to Hingham in the steam
boat, and will deliver addresses in Scituate and Cohasset.

There is a great deal of interest of inquirers, as to Henry's state of health. He and hope his recovery will be speedy. I trust he is doing well and you all keep a strict watch over him to prevent any relapse. Our Board, one and all, hope that he will give himself no anxiety about the concerns of the office. Every thing is going on very well.

Dr. Kildreth, who attended Henry here, has told Mr. May that he will gladly be our family physician gratis, as long as we please. He is an excellent physician, and his offer is a very generous one.

~~Singler.~~
Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.

Susan and Mary Ann Coffin have just come into the room, and learning that I am writing to you, desire me to send their love to you. All in their family are well.

Mr. Sumner's Report will be suffered to lie upon the table until it rots. The Senate will not touch it. Good!

Miss Martineau is now in New-York.

No further news from Thompson. Is it not strange?

Mr. & Mrs. May unite in love to you all. Little Joseph gets along finely. — O, my dear little George, how I yearn to see you again! Heaven protect you both!

Yours, most lovingly,

Wm. L. Garrison.